



"You Needn't Tell Me That I Look Young. I Know It."

(Sketches by a Journal staff artist.)

## SARAH BEFORE BREAKFAST.

The Divine French Woman Refuses to Give Her Recipe for Youth, Although She Admits That She Is Immortal.

"Madam s'habille. Elle sera prête, tout à l'heure."

Sarah, the translucent, the diaphanous, is indulging in the trivialities of the toilette! The news comes upon me with a douche-like precipitation. I cannot imagine the divine Bernhardt lacing her shoes, fastening her garters, slipping on petticoats and buttoning her dress. It is too petty. I had always thought of her as being born in swishing Fedora draperies, or rippling La Tosca silks. The pulses in my temples throb as I am confronted with this banal question of Sarah's mere mortality, and as a fat Frenchman ushers me into her dressing-room at the Hoffman House, I feel inclined to help myself to the wine that stands upon the breakfast table, so flabby and unduly oppressed do I feel. The fat Frenchman looks at me compassionately, and I am almost tempted to say to him, "You knew that she dressed—this Sarah of yours. You knew it. Yet you concealed the knowledge from me. You know you did. Was this kind? Was this merciful?" The fear that he might not understand the workings of my mind keeps me silent.

"Suzanne," says a voice in an inner room, "Donne-moi ça. Mère, et au revoir."

It is the voice of Sarah, a trifle less musical than her footlight tones. It is, in fact, a trifle bed-dy, although it is 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Sarah speaks with the slight hoarseness that Morpheus impresses upon even the most silver vocal organs. She has been asleep. Ah, misfortune! One by one, my illusions are being dispelled. A moment more and she stands in her lissome angularity before me. I give her all I have to offer—a moist, but an honest hand. She takes it as though she really wanted it, but it is a fixture, and she has to give it back.

She is as adorable to look at as ever. Her emaciation is exquisitely consoling, and intellectual, and the horrible rumor that she had grown fat is killed for ever. She is oddly attired for a lady rising from her couch. She wears a cape and a fur supplement, and upon her head is a quaint little contrivance, balanced on each side by huge clots of violets, like the garters on a donkey's saddle. Her gown is of dingy black, deliciously cheap, and unassuming, and as I peep beneath her cape, I see that the still has no symptoms of a figure, nor the ghost of a corset. I am reassured, and smile happily.

Sarah's hair this season is gold with a glint in it. It is not purely the peroxide of hydrogen tint. It is not fast or showy. It might even be natural, if you were not quite convinced that this could not be. This hair is curly dishevelled and skittish, tossed, and it is most becoming. Sarah's lips are made up with streaks of carmine. They are so thin that they resemble rosy tape sewn to her mouth. And when she smiles the upper lip rises like a curtain and displays a set of spiteful little teeth that can bite and are evidently perfectly willing to do so. A frightful idea that she will tackle a boiled egg takes possession of me. I register a vow that if she does, I will never go to see her on the stage again. I know now that she dresses; that she even goes to bed, but I cannot and I will not assist at the infamous spectacle of Sarah Bernhardt eating a boiled egg.

"Thank goodness! She doesn't even look at the breakfast table! That tragedy is spared me. A la bonne heure! "Yes," says Sarah, as she takes a seat and looks me straight in the eyes: "You needn't tell me that I look young. I know it. All Paris is furious with me about it. Women who are waiting for my downfall cannot forgive me my youth. They are enraged about it, but it is my mission in life to 'faire enrager les autres,' and I am quite happy. I am young because I work. I must work. I am never idle. I study and I rehearse, and I write—et puis voilà. If I had stayed quietly in Paris, as the Parisians wanted me to do some years ago, I should look at least fifty. Possibly I might be dead. I love travel, change of scene, incessant occupation, and the result is—I am young."

Sarah smiles petulently as she says this. The curtain-lifts rise to the music of her voice; the bed-dy hoarseness of her tones disappears. She is the lovely Sarah of the footlights.

"I can't give you any recipe for youth," Sarah continues. "Fifteen years ago, when I first came to America, I was not nearly as bien portante as I am to-day. I used to spit blood, and the doctors said that I should die a poitrinaire. You see I was so sick of Paris. Je m'ennuysais tellement. I came here and I regained my health."

"But you are still thin?" I pipe.

"Thin? Well, I should hope so," she cries. "My malgreur was half my reputation. It made me, and I must keep it up. If I grew fat, what would become of Sarah? Why, my dear friend, my leanness made me the target of all Paris. It introduced me to the comic papers, and so grateful are people for the fun I gave them that they will never forget it. I have kept every caricature and sketch of myself that have appeared. They will all be used on the memoirs I am writing, and a hundred years from to-day our descendants will buy Sarah's book. It will be so funny. Ah! how amused you will be when you read the three volumes upon which I am already working. They will contain my views on everything—my impressions of foreign cities, my queer experiences in some of them. Tout le monde rit, and you are dictating these to your secretary?"

"My secretary? Ha! Ha! Ha! How droll! You quaint person! I pity the poor secretary who had to write from Sarah's dictation. Figure you that I ever sit still! Can you recommend me a secretary who could write five hundred and forty-three words a minute? Non, mon ami, I am writing my memoirs myself, otherwise they would not be my memoirs. It is a great recreation for me. I enjoy it, for I know that I am compiling a book that will have a tremendous sale, and one, perhaps, that will live."

The lip-curtains rise once more upon the same pretty dental mise-en-scène. Sarah's big collie comes up and places his long funnel nose upon her lap. But the tragedienne is wound up. I have been fortunate enough to start her talking, and she repulses her doggy. She even tells Suzanne to call him away, and Suzanne does it.

"My other recreation, that keeps me thin and well, is my theatre, the Renaissance. I have blossomed forth as a manager since my last trip to America. All the money I gain I spend upon my theatre. Sometimes I lose it all, but that doesn't trouble me in the least. If I didn't spend my earnings on the Renaissance, I should

lavish them upon other betises. It is a delightful relaxation for me—arranging the scenery, attending rehearsals, examining statements, and all that sort of thing. While I am here, I am consulted every day about my theatre. It is a joke. It is a tonic!"

Sarah waxes positively skittish. "Twenty-nine, not an hour more," I say to myself. She has grown five years younger since she has been talking, for when she first entered I might have set her down for thirty-four. Ah, it is a glad and a yellow juvenescence that Sarah owns.

"Wouldn't you have thought," she asks seriously, with the dawn of tragedy in her voice, "that they would have built a theatre for me in Paris? Wouldn't you have thought it? In America I should probably have owned the most magnificent playhouse in the world. They are generous in America. In Paris they are stingy, miserly and conservative. They talk of art in Paris! Ha! ha! There is none. They are provincial; they belong to the good old times. They do not know the meaning of the phrase 'go ahead.' The theatres in Paris are horrible. Men and women are even obliged to sit uncomfortably. There is no room for their knees; there is no room for their shoulders. In America the theatre is a luxury. The playhouses are models of beauty and comfort. One feels happy amid such light and decorative surroundings. In London the theatres are much better than they are in Paris, but still not equal to the playhouses here. I have made one innovation at the Renaissance. I do insist that my actresses, the old women who conduct people to their seats, shall be polite, and polite they surely are."

Bernhardt's collie, indignant at all this talk, bounds into the room again and eyes me maliciously. He is a most formidable animal, but Sarah smooths his nose and puts him in a good temper, so that he goes away again without unpleasant interference.

"I was very chagrined after I had been here two days," she continues, "for I discovered that the finest artist France now has had failed in America. I cannot understand it. I cannot; I cannot; I cannot! (she is growing furious). "Why did New York snub Rejane? Ah! she is splendid—so subtle, so fine, so admirable. Think of a woman who can play 'Ma Cousine,' and then do equally well in 'La Maison de Poupée' and 'Sapho.' And New York didn't like her? Can this be the New York I used to know, where every fine point in an actress's work was instantly recognized? Perhaps America is so very rapid that it has left us all behind. Is this the case? If so, I am very, very sorry."

There is pathos in Sarah's tones now. I feel for my handkerchief. It is there. My tear-drops are itching. One moment more and I shall cry.

"When I heard that Rejane was going to America I anticipated for her a success. I believed that you would all rave about her. You didn't, and she came back to France disappointed. Still, I did not know the extent of her failure until I reached here. She is the best we have—the very best. Yet New York was pleased to go wild over Duse. The art of Rejane and Duse is very similar. Rejane has a great many of the splendid points that have made Duse successful."

Sarah is now angry. The pathos has all evaporated. Her mouth gleams, bounded on the north and south by the carmine streaks of her lips.

"It is absurd, it is idiotic, to say that Duse resembles me or imitates me. She does nothing of the sort. In London they rushed to me and cried, 'Go and see Duse. She imitates you.' I went. I recognized a wonderful artist, whose methods were absolutely unlike my own. Her 'Camille' is exquisite, but we run different grooves. Duse and Bernhardt are not rivals at all. I am glad that she was successful in New York, because it shows me that New York appreciates art. I smile at all this talk of the phenomenal adoration lavished upon Yvette Guilbert in this city. I do not believe it. Guilbert has created a certain style of performance, and anybody who creates anything deserves appreciation. But Guilbert cannot be admired as an artist, because what she does is not art. As for the ridiculous twaddle about her entering the Comédie Française, all I can say to that is 'C'est de la piquerie.' No, I have never seen her. I never have time to go to music halls. I decline to credit the statement that Guilbert was successful here with the same people who made Rejane a failure."

I chuckle at this, because I wrote the same thing myself in the Journal two or three weeks ago. It is nice to have an accomplice of the calibre of Sarah Bernhardt.

"You are going to do 'Gismondi' in New York? I pity the poor secretary who had to write from Sarah's dictation. Figure you that I ever sit still! Can you recommend me a secretary who could write five hundred and forty-three words a minute? Non, mon ami, I am writing my memoirs myself, otherwise they would not be my memoirs. It is a great recreation for me. I enjoy it, for I know that I am compiling a book that will have a tremendous sale, and one, perhaps, that will live."

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been seen in it. It is laughable, is it not? You see, Sardou writes for me. He fits me with his plays. No, I suggest nothing to him; I have no ideas. If I had I should embody them in plays of my own. Sardou knows my genre, and he generally succeeds in furnishing me with successful plays."

"And have you never seen Miss Davenport?"

"Once," says Sarah, "I saw her in 'Fedora,' and I thought her affreuse."

I would give a clean ten-dollar bill to be able to repress a smile as I hear Sarah's criticism, which accords so satisfactorily with my own. It is impossible. The smile is born. It grows into a laugh. Sarah does not smile. She is very much in earnest. She has criticised Mees Davenport in simple sincerity, and perhaps it is mean of me to chronicle the fact. I cannot resist doing so, however, as it has always occurred to me that the clever and enterprising Davenport, whom I admire immensely as a producer, has invariably bitten off too much when she essayed Bernhardt roles. These are for Sarah exclusively. There are not two Sarahs.

"In America," she resumes, "you lack a conservatoire, and that is your great trouble. In this vast and most energetic country one would have imagined that an absence of conservatoire would have been impossible. I saw your Mary Anderson, and admired her enormously. She had talent; she was most creditable, but if she had been trained in a conservatoire she would have been a great actress, one who would have had the world at her feet. The young woman of whom I am fondlest in this country is Mees Julia Marlowe. She is the most artistic, the daintiest creature I have seen. She charmed me. I watched her work enthusiastically, and I said to myself: 'Voilà une petite who, with a conservatoire training, would have been the pet of the world. Mees Marlowe would have been quite perfect had she been properly trained.'"

"And do you believe the conservatoire did much for you?"

"Mais, certainement," says Sarah. "Blen sur. A conservatoire cannot give talent to those who possess none. It can, however, and it does direct it, turn it into the right channels, foster it, polish it, and make it generally available. However, I do not fear America will have a conservatoire before it is very much older. It is bound to come. You cannot escape it. A conservatoire for America is merely a question of time."

ALAN DALE.

### BOX OFFICE NOTES.

Two Theatres This Week Will Offer Many Good Attractions New to New York.

After an absence of more than four years Sarah Bernhardt will again appear before a New York audience at Abbey's Theatre to-morrow night. She will play a four weeks' engagement, beginning with her new drama, "Izely," which created such a stir on the other side of the water. It was compiled from Hindoo legends by Armand Silvestre and Eugene Morand, and the action of the play is laid six centuries B. C. The period offers excellent opportunities for the display of scenery and costumes, in addition to affording the tragedienne a vehicle for the exhibition of her wonderful histrionic talent. The greatest dramatic effect is in the third act, when Izely, who has become a Magdalen, kills the man who persists in

forcing his attentions upon her. She thrusts his body under the table just as the victim's mother enters the room. In the last act she is enabled to play one of her wonderful death scenes. This particular death is said to eclipse all others for effect. She will have the same company, scenery and costumes which were used in her own theatre in Paris.

John Drew is to figure as a modern knight errant in his new play, which will be produced at Palmer's Theatre to-morrow night. "The Squire of Dames" it is called, and as its name implies, Drew makes it his business to do about righting wrongs and championing the defenceless—a sort of heroic busybody, so to speak. His chief prototype is Adeline Dennant, who separated from her husband in a fit of pique during their honeymoon. Sir Douglas Thorburn makes love to her. She listens to him, foolishly, but is frightened by his avowals of love. Mr. Kilroy (John Drew) saves her from Thorburn, and in gratitude she is ready to throw herself into his arms. He succeeds in uniting husband and wife, and thus sustains his title. The play is adapted from the French of Alexandre Dumas by R. C. Carton, and is now enjoying a prosperous run in London, where Charles Wyndham is producing it at the Criterion. Besides the members of Mr. Drew's organization Gustave Frohman has specially engaged well-known actors, as will be seen from the following cast:

Mr. Kilroy.....Mr. John Drew  
Colonel Dennant.....Mr. Robert Edson  
Sir Douglas Thorburn.....Mr. Arthur Byron  
Lord Eustace Chivald.....

Mr. Ferdinand Gottschalk  
Prof. Dowle, F. R. S.....Mr. Harry Harwood  
James.....Mr. Herbert Appling  
Serrano.....Mr. Young  
Mrs. Dowle.....Miss Annie Irish  
Elsie.....Miss Gladys Wallace  
Zoe Nuggetson, from America,

Miss Agnes Miller  
Adeline Dennant.....Miss Maud Adams

Tuesday night W. H. Crane will be seen at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in Franklin Fyles's new play "The Governor of Kentucky." It is in four acts and the plot hinges on a forgery. The Governor, William Lee, is ambitious to be a Senator.

An unscrupulous friend tries to secure his signature to a bill that is not in the interests of the people. Failing in this, the schemer bribes the Governor's secretary to commit forgery. Lee discovers the forgery just at a time when the Legislature is considering his claims to the Senatorial throne. To make known the crime means disgrace to the secretary, with whose daughter the Governor is enamored; to keep silence means a death blow to his statesmanship ambition. He makes the sacrifice for his friend and secretary, but before he can assume liability for the signature the fraud is discovered. The second act serves to introduce a number of quaint characters in the ballroom scene. Burr McIntosh will impersonate the rugged moonshiner, Daniel Boone Bingley; Edwin Arden plays the part of Mason Hix, a man of affairs. Joseph Wheelock, Jr., William Boug, Percy Brooke, Lorimer Stoddard, E. D. Tyler, Anne O'Neill, Marion Abbott, Margaret and Anna Robinson, and Mrs. Kate Dennison Wilson are also in the cast.

Victor Maurel will be seen as Faust in the opera of the same name for the first time this season at the Metropolitan Opera House. Wednesday night, as Calve is to "Carmen," so Maurel is to Verdi's opera. Not in her new play, but his setting is one of the rare treats of a theatrical season. He will be assisted by Mme. Saville, Lola Beeth, Mlle. Kitz, and Salchi and Signors. Cremonini, Campanari, Arduini, Vanni and Rinaldi. The week will begin with "Romeo and Juliet," with Mme. Melba, Mlle. Bauermeister, Clara Hume, and

Raskas, Manguerie, Plancon, Castelmari and Rinaldi in the cast. Tuesday night the company will appear at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, where "Philonon et Baudis," the mad scene from "Hamlet" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" will be presented. Among those who will appear there are Mmes. Calve, Bauermeister, Oltzka and Marie Engle, and MM. Plancon, Arduini, Manguerie, Castelmari and Lubert. Thursday afternoon there will be a special matinee, at which "Lohengrin" will be sung by Nordica, Brenna, the De Reszkes, Kaschniar and Liverman. Friday evening "Mefistofele" will be revived, with Calve as Mefistofele and Ed. de Reszke in the title role. Saturday afternoon Melba and Calve will jointly appear in a double bill, consisting of a portion of "Lucia di Lammermoor" and "Cavalleria Rusticana." The Saturday night performance will be devoted to "Trovatore," in which Nordica, Bauermeister, a.o. Mantell will appear.

Yvette Guilbert will appear at the concert to be given to-night at the Metropolitan Opera House. She will be assisted by her own company, which comprises Amy Harlow, Louise Engle, Warwick Gonor and Orlando Harnett. More's Band will furnish the music, under the direction of Victor Herbert. The programme has been well arranged and an enjoyable entertainment is promised. It will be the final appearance of Miss Guilbert in this city.

A lively farce comedy, "She Wrote Gekuk," (She Gets a Kiss), will be produced at the Irving Place Theatre Thursday night for the first time. A young army officer finds a handkerchief, and in a reckless spirit wagers that he will kiss the owner of it within ten days. Later he discovers the owner is the wife of his colonel. The young officer falls in love with her daughter. He rushes through his courtship, proposes and is accepted. He tries to win his wager by embracing his prospective mother-in-law, but she is opposed to kissing. Christmas night, just as the time is about to expire, he avails himself of the opportunity to kiss her and salutes his mother-in-law, winning the wager. In the cast are Matthew Pfeil, Wilhelmine Sehnster, Anna Braun, Roosen (Chasler), Max Birn, Julius Strobel and Adolf Link. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, "Love in Love" will be repeated, and on Friday night "The Night Clerk" will be presented. "Wilhelm Tell" is scheduled for Saturday matinee.

Peter F. Dailly and his clever company of comedians will play this week at the Grand Opera House, presenting McNally's successful farce-comedy, "The Night Clerk." The part of the young well-to-do forced to work for the first time exactly suits Mr. Dailly, and besides the ordinary humor of the play he has injected many of his original whimsies into it. The play is full of genuine fun and has been well received everywhere it has appeared. The star is supported by Jennie Yeamans, John Sparks, Rita Emerson, Bertie Dyer, the Olympia Quartet and a host of others.

### BILLS THAT DO NOT CHANGE.

Attractions at Theatres Which Are Meeting With Great Popularity.

In "Chimble Fadden" New Yorkers have not only a new play but a new star. Mr. Hopper has hitherto been identified with comic opera, but in his new play he has made a distinctive hit, as the Garden Theatre box office records will tell. One of the best pieces of character acting is done by Marie Bates, who has created the part of the Irish woman of the Bowerly. The other performers are up to the standard and "Chimble Fadden" is a most pronounced success.

Rice's "Excelsior, Jr.," is now in its third month of popularity in the theatre part of Olympia. New features are added weekly. The box office records will tell. One of the latest specialists is Yvette Violette, whose imitations of Guilbert are exceedingly good. She appears at every performance. Walter Jones, Fay Tompkinson and Arthur Dunn are among the principal fun makers, and Theresa Vaughn is as popular as ever. Miss Brown and her strange adventures are doing well at the Standard. Bob Graham, the principal actor, possesses a remarkable voice, and his change from the heavy tones of a man to the effeminate accents of the girl he impersonates is a



"Monsieur, I Do Not Believe in Affection at All."

(Sketches by a Journal staff artist.)

## BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS.

A Budget of Bright Gossip About Plays, Players and Playgoers of Interest to All Who Care for Things Theatrical.

Olga Nethersole and her famous kiss will be seen in the Harlem Opera House this week, where she will play "Carmen" instead of appearing in her repertory, as was originally intended. The marked success which she achieved at the Empire recently in her new play, but his setting is one of the rare treats of a theatrical season. He will be assisted by Mme. Saville, Lola Beeth, Mlle. Kitz, and Salchi and Signors. Cremonini, Campanari, Arduini, Vanni and Rinaldi. The week will begin with "Romeo and Juliet," with Mme. Melba, Mlle. Bauermeister, Clara Hume, and

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species of ventriloquism. Clara Lipman, Louis Mann, Jennie Satterlee and the others in the excellent company are doing splendid work.

This is the final week of "The County Fair" at the Star Theatre. Few domestic plays have been given such an elaborate production, and Nell Burgess has worked hard and faithfully to insure success. The scenery, painted from sketches made in the Green Mountains, is almost photographic and the race scene an exciting bit of realism. Little Emma Pollock has made a feature of the part of the champion.

There will be busy times at the Casino during the coming fortnight, for the engagement of "The Wizard of the Nile" will end at the expiration of that time. Frank Daniels has made a reputation in the star part, and Dorothy Morton has never had a role that suited her better. Several theatre parties will attend the performance this week. Among them will be Company A, Seventh Regiment, on Thursday, and Company B, Twenty-third Regiment, Saturday.

"The Heart of Maryland" has won laurels not only for the other theatres, but for every member of the excellent company at the Herald Square Theatre. Richard Mansfield has been commissioned to paint new scenery for road use next season. Mrs. Carter's work in this drama is deserving of highest praise. The play is the most stirring drama of war times that has ever been seen.

This is the last week of "Northern Light" at the American Theatre. The play's qualities of attraction are many and unique, it being a peculiar blending of excitement, love, comedy and spectacular effects. Manager Atkinson has contracted with Authors Harkins and Barber to write another play, for production early next season, being the last of the play's work in this stirring melodrama of Indian warfare.

"The Sporting Duchess" is nearing its two hundredth performance. The play contains so many elements calculated to please that nothing seems to interfere with its production. The big ballroom scene, with its \$20,000 worth of London and Paris dresses, and the Derby race, with twenty horses, are features that claim great attention and immense popularity. Agnes Booth, J. H. Stoddard, E. Radcliffe and Com Tanner are doing the best work of their stage careers.

None of the English burlesque companies sent over here has achieved such a success as "An Artist's Model." It will begin the second month of its run at the Broadway Theatre to-morrow night. The pretty songs, gits and costumes are responsible for its popularity. Nellie Stewart, the prima donna, who was handicapped by illness during the first few weeks of the play's run, has entirely recovered and is now in excellent voice.

Though looking upon a sensitive point, the profound interest which "Belated" in Henry Arthur Jones's new drama, "Michael and His Lost Angel," at the Empire, should be enough to insure its success. Henry Miller and Viola Allen do splendid work. The role of a clergyman who falls from grace gives Mr. Miller abundant opportunities to display his ability, and Miss Allen as the fascinating widow is seen to the best advantage. The second month of its run at the Broadway Theatre to-morrow night. The pretty songs, gits and costumes are responsible for its popularity. Nellie Stewart, the prima donna, who was handicapped by illness during the first few weeks of the play's run, has entirely recovered and is now in excellent voice.

Sydney Ross, the old adaptation from the German, "The Two Escutcheons," is doing remarkably well at Daly's Theatre. The singular part of the play is that every one of the performers is seen in a comedy role, so that the performance is greeted with almost continual laughter. Ada Rohan, Maxine Elliot, James Lewis and Frank Worthing are especially funny.

At Roy's Theatre "A Black Sheep" gambols merrily along, winning new friends and amusing everybody. Oida Harlan, Jessie Clayton, Ada Dore and the other performers seem to throw new life into the play with every performance. It is filled with clever specialties, and altogether ranks as one of the best productions from M. Roy's pen.

"If I Grew Fat, What Would Become of Sarah?"

(Sketches by a Journal staff artist.)